

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

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THE WOLVES  
AND  
THE LAMBS.

may be duped, and as a hint that other concerns than this collapsed one may yet be prosecuting the same nefarious business. Undoubtedly this exposure made by the Journal will result in such a probing of the affairs of other glittering shams of the speculative world as shall produce consternation among the guilty.

The essential and interesting features of this great swindle are the facility with which it was worked, the vulgarity of its promoters, their long immunity from successful prosecution and the enormous profits which resulted. It ranks next to the Credit Mobilier in its financial extent, but the men engaged in it were not—as in the earlier fraud—great figures in the national eye, but mere bucket-shop keepers, clerks and pawnbrokers. Perhaps, however, this estimate is unjust. Had the firm of E. S. Dean been permitted to continue its operations the partners in this swindle, like the beneficiaries of the earlier one, might have been enabled to become great national characters, influencing governorships, appointments to the Attorney-Generalship, and even the Presidency itself. This, however, is mere speculation. Being unmasked in time, they will not achieve anything more than long terms in State prison, unless it may be life abroad as fugitives from justice on their ill-gotten gains.

Before these men—and women, for in the progress toward enfranchisement of the fair sex equal rights to swindle have not been neglected—began thieving in company they plucked pigeons separately. The lodging house keeper, Mrs. Dean, who was honored by having her name made the style of the firm, had been a "steerer" for bucket shops. The men had run bucket shops in many cities under many names, always failing in season to prevent their dupes from getting any return for their investments. They were brought together in New York by that curious sort of cohesive force which seems to drag rascals into association even without apparent purpose on their part. They met at Mrs. Dean's boarding house in 1895, established the E. S. Dean Company in September, 1896, on a capital of \$60, obtained by pawning a diamond ring, and have since handled, and in the main kept, \$7,000,000 confided to them for investment. For them have been no hard times, no currency stringency.

When the methods of these knaves—as revealed by the Journal—are studied one marvels first at the ease with which all was done, and next wonders how many more Wall Street "houses," with gorgeous offices, frank and engaging circulars and "unimpeachable references" are engaged in the same line of business. If all men—and particularly all women—were possessed of common sense, not necessarily business sense, firms of this sort would not thrive, nor would clairvoyants, astrologers, venders of tips on the races, "green goods" men nor others of the ignoble army of Greeks and Welchers. But there is no quality quite so uncommon as common sense, and the man who is offered opportunity to make 400 per cent on any investment from \$25 to \$5,000 never stops to question the pure philanthropy of the individual who makes the proffer instead of taking the profit himself. To intelligent persons the circulars sent out by the E. S. Dean Company bore the marks of fraud stamped on their face—stamped so clearly that no number of laudatory letters from stool pigeons, fraudulent affidavits from cappers, or grave indorsements from country bankers who had a finger in the pie could possibly efface it.

Except to the initiated the normal business of speculation in wheat or in stocks differs so little from the investment in the Dean "discretionary pool" that the exposure of the latter gambling device should act as a powerful deterrent to the inexperienced who think to make or recoup their fortunes by taking "fliers" in "the street" or on the Chicago board. The great bourses serve their proper ends, no doubt, in facilitating much legitimate exchange of securities and of produce, but in their purely speculative features they are gambling places—no more. Their managers admit the fact in their crusades against "bucket shops" and "curbstone brokers," for if it be gambling to buy and sell on margins in small amounts it is equally so to go into great "deals" and "corners." It is not an unknown thing in certain towns for the aristocratic "clubhouses" to aid virtuously in suppressing "dinner pail" games. Indeed, we think the relation of the board to the bucket shop is fitly paralleled by the action of the late Carter Harrison, who once regulated gambling in Chicago, by suppressing all houses where chips of a smaller value than one dollar each were used.

The Dean crowd, not content with the usually large percentage in favor of the dealer, simply made it 99 per cent. We believe they had the grace to return a fraction of their receipts in the form of dividends.

It is significant that the hunting down and exposure of this nest of rascals did not come from the authorities in Wall Street or the Board of Trade. Men who must have suspected and some who must have known, sat cynically by and saw the dupes pouring their savings into the bottomless pit of rascally greed. Some, indeed, seemed to have shared in the corrupt gains, and names hitherto held in high esteem are now blackened by association with rascals. If the honest and honorable portion of the speculative community suffers by this exposure, who shall say that it does not in part deserve retribution for its lethargy? And it will suffer, for as the story of the knavishness of the E. S. Dean Company, its allies and its countenances is unfolded the lambs will take their fleeces far away from a place where the shearers cut so deeply.

THE BEGINNING  
OF  
THE END.

When the New York Evening Post admits that the alleged Spanish "reforms" in Cuba are a mockery, which the patriots cannot be expected to accept, it is hardly worth while for anybody to attempt to keep up the autonomy humbug any longer. The Post, after waiting to receive the Spanish text of the "home rule constitution" by mail, expresses the same opinion of it that the Journal expressed nearly a month ago upon learning its provisions by cable.

It notices, in the first place, that the alleged constitution has no constitutional guaranty at all, but is promulgated merely by a ministerial decree, which requires the ratification of the Cortes to make it valid. Moreover:

It would also appear that the Cortes retain the right at any time to repeal or amend the Cuban constitution at their own pleasure. At the outset, therefore, one sees how far the grant of home rule to Cuba is from being secure and unconditional. It is, in fact, very much like our boasted home rule in New York City—subject to constant interference, or even absolute repeal, by the Legislature.

The Post recognizes the fundamental difference between Spanish autonomy in Cuba and British autonomy in Canada. The Cubans are not granted self-government; the "active and controlling sovereignty" is reserved to Spain.

First of all comes the enormous power conferred upon the Governor-General, who is to be named by the home government. He has the right to summon, to adjourn, or to dissolve the Colonial Parliament. He has a suspensory veto over its legislation. He has in his hands all the patronage of the public service. He is Commander in Chief of the army and navy, and has absolute control even of the police. He has the power of naming life members in the Upper Chamber, or "Council of Administration." He has the right to propose laws in the Colonial Parliament. He has the right and duty, in certain specified emergencies, to make himself dictator, and to govern the island without reference to the laws passed by the Colonial Parliament.

And these powers, it may be mentioned, may be exercised by a Weyler. Next comes the composition of the Colonial Parliament, so devised as to keep that body always under the control of the Spanish authorities. In addition, the tribunals that are to interpret the law and decide all disputes about the meaning of the new constitution are to be exclusively filled with Spanish judges. The right to make treaties of commerce, the practical control of the Cuban tariff, and the settlement of the all-important question of the debt are reserved to Spain. "The great essentials of government," remarks the Post,

DO-NOTHING  
POLICY  
AT ALBANY.

A short session and little legislation is the Republican cry regarding the coming session of the Legislature. The do-nothing policy which is the fruit of the Republican victory of last year in the nation, and which keeps Congress in a state of senile paralysis, is to be pursued at Albany as the result of a party defeat this year. The Republican party seems to be equally aghast at its success of last year and the reaction it has produced this year. Lack of consistent principle and of cohesion in their forces make the leaders fearful of attempting anything positive lest the party go to pieces and fall into disaster.

So the word goes out that Platt and Governor Black are agreed that no change is to be made in the Raines law, and no positive legislation undertaken that can be avoided at the coming session. If they are agreed, it is assumed that nobody else is to be consulted. The party is to be on the defensive and to stand by the bad legislation of the past, without consenting to recede and without trying to advance. This is assumed to be the safest policy to pursue with reference to the important State canvass of next year, just as doing nothing at Washington appears to be regarded as the surest way of getting through the next Congressional elections with a majority.

This will give the Democrats in the Legislature an opportunity to make an issue by proposing positive measures and making their own policy clear. They will be unable to accomplish anything against the resistance of the Platt majority in both Houses, but they can put that majority on record as resisting the things that ought to be done. They can frame a reasonable Excise law and push it to a vote. They can introduce a bill dealing with trusts in a way that would produce effect. They can propose a measure providing for dollar gas and for a supervision that would prevent the people from being cheated.

In short, the Democrats can show the people what they would do if they had the power, and compel the Republicans to go on record as opposing all measures of relief. Thereby they can raise an issue in the State campaign which may give them both Legislature and Governor and enable them to do something.

A  
PERTURBED  
PREACHER.

"I do not wish to offend any member of my congregation, and surely not the President of the United States, and had I known he would be present I might have changed the subject of my sermon last Sunday morning"—thus the pastor of a Washington church who has estranged President McKinley by preaching in his presence for Cuban freedom.

This seems to dispose of the theory that arguments for the conversion of the sinner should not be addressed to him, but rather to a third party, in the hope that some faint echo may reach the unregenerate one. A President who connives at the destruction of American interests and the slaughter of innocent people in Cuba must not hear reference to the morals of the Cuban situation made in the pulpit. Evidently this clergyman proceeds on the theory that it is bad form to talk of ropes in the family of a man who has been hanged.

We confess we rather prefer the stalwart self-respect of Dominic Parkhurst, of this town, who did not apologize for preaching against bosses merely because the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt stalked angrily away from his pew in the middle aisle.

The sons of several United States Senators who promoted and attended a dog fight in the stable of Senator Cullom were in grave danger of prosecution at the hands of the law until Senatorial courtesy stepped in and saved them that humiliation. Now that Senatorial courtesy has been injected into dog fighting there is no limit to its possibilities.

Senator Wolcott is pleading with the Administration to adopt a financial policy that will be acceptable to the Colorado people. Mr. Wolcott will have about as much success at home as he had abroad.

It was an unlucky day for China when the powers managed to reach an agreement concerning it.

No doubt the Kaiser would like to whip the United States, but this doesn't necessarily mean that he wants to fight us.

A padded pension roll is every bit as bad as a stuffed ballot box.

Chicagoard the star of wheeldom takes its way.

## New York's Jubilation.

Mayor Strong's proposition to have a celebration to mark the transition of New York into the greater municipality has borne fruit, for the Journal of that city is planning a demonstration which is likely to make one, at least, of its contemporaries green with grief at being beaten.—Buffalo Express.

## Remarks on a Renegade American.

To the Editor of the Journal: It is depressing to patriotic Americans to think that of all the nations in the world with a pretense to civilization ours is the only one consistently and continuously made to suffer from the ridicule and contempt of some of her own citizens. Take the case of this man Smalley, for instance, whose attack upon America at the dinner of the New England Society in Brooklyn you print to-day. It is an old story with Smalley to appear more English than the English, but it has been his custom hitherto to play the part while he was on British soil. Becoming bolder, though, on account of the extraordinary tolerance of Americans, he awaits an opportunity to sell the whole American nation and all that it stands for by getting up at a banquet of one of the oldest organizations in the Greater New York and repeating the behavior of Bayard, whose utterances against his own country in England brought down upon him the censure of both houses of Congress. At first I thought Mr. Smalley was speaking as president of the St. George Society, or responding to a toast in behalf of the London Times, whose representative in America he is. This in part at least might explain the rudeness as well as the bitterness of his attack upon our country and upon ourselves. But no! He was speaking as an American to Americans. Suppose the London correspondent of the Journal were an Englishman, and suppose at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall he were to assail England and England's interests in the way that Smalley has assailed America and America's interests, what would Englishmen think of him? Why, they would simply scorn him as a traitor. Because the circumstances are reversed, is that any reason why Americans should designate Smalley by a phrase less abhorrent?

With the enthusiasm of a special pleader he represents to us the might and majesty of England and the possible perils to us should we, purposing the policy of national self-respect and honor, venture to incur her enmity. With all respect to Mr. Smalley, the might and majesty of England were greater, comparatively, one hundred and twenty years ago, and even eighty-five years ago, than what they are now, and Tories of the Smalley type were here in many a war confronting England in arms; but the domination of these Tories as well as the Tories themselves were brushed aside in disdain, and the apostles of liberty marched on to victory.

During the half lifetime that Mr. Smalley was in England as correspondent of the Tribune, not a helping hand did he ever stretch forth to aid the cause of progress; not a line did he ever write; not a word did he ever speak in aid of the "names" in their struggle against the "classes." Mr. Gladstone's conversion to the cause of Home Rule nearly broke his heart. He began to recover, though, now, however, the conduct of Americans in standing for their rights is going to give him a relapse, from which I can see no chance of recovery unless he at once hastens back to England and stays there. New York, December 2, 1897. J. M. WALL.

The Passing  
of Frankie.

A SQUARE house, white as a gravestone, with sides as well as roof shingled, and tall, white chimneys of ancient massiveness standing up stark in the cheerless air. Across the face of it, story high, a veranda, upon which the front door and some extremely glassy windows, with 639 panes, opened. Underneath, the shadowy ground-floor entrance, guarded by square brick pillars, upholding the veranda.

For close upon a hundred years the palm structure had been standing out in blank, pallid whiteness over the bay. In winter it looked like a little iceberg. In summer it was a highlight, sparkling in the sun amid the rich green that clothed the shore. It was a landmark known to generations of sailor men, who when they "rose the white house" knew they were as good as at their journey's end, and sang in anticipation of the hot grog and hotter mirth of Water street and Cherry Hill.

The old house had been a homestead in the dear, plain days when the Van der Bilt were ferry-men and bent to and fro in their shallop across the water, boys carrying travellers for a modest fare and supplying garden truck to the fashionables of New Amsterdam.

Through various stages of decadence it had come to be a hotel, and at last an Italian hotel, of the sort where swarthy, bright-eyed clerks and the like go of a Sunday to feast and gabble the livelong day away over two quart flasks of Chianti. The little yard which was left of all the original acreage grew the salads and the garlic; long coops in the shadow of the fences were nurseries of fat fowls; the red pepper smiled upon its vine, and little round beds bordering the sea wall were bright in the midsummer season, with flowers of real Italian hue.

But somehow there was no lack about the house. One dark skinned and loquacious Boniface after another tried to make money there, gave it up and went back to be a table d'hôte waiter in New York, an occupation which has now supplanted roasting as a means of revamping the fortunes of the aristocracy.

The word journeyed to Bohemia, from time to time, that a "new Italian" had the house on the shore. That announcement was a guarantee that for three months the dinners would be more than money's worth, and wines listed at two dollars would be silently substituted for meager fluids, with the ostentatious liberality so efficacious in "building up a custom."

It was a cold, dark, suicidal sort of a day in late February when the first "custom" came to "New Italian" No. 7. Two upstart, tired looking young men, with many newspapers bulging in their overcoat pockets, climbed the slanting steps, shook the rain and half-melted snow from their hats, and went in at the rickety door.

It was all changed. The stove, which stood before the sealed-up fireplace, was new. An unfamiliar but cheerfully lurid carpet covered the floor, to which time had given great width of crack and an undeniable "list" toward the water's edge. New second-hand furniture and new bits of cardboard, Mazzini and Humbert, I stared in high color from the background of dinky wall paper.

Tables were spread at the windows, with the inevitable carafes, and the black bent-wood chairs which are the vade mecum of the table d'hôte.

The door's slamming, the tread upon the creaky floor, and the shuffling back of the black bent-wood chairs, and the salutatory bark of an aged and gray-muzzled dog which had been slumbering behind the stove, made thunderous echoes through the house. In answer there was a stir, a "hurly call" of "Pietro!" in a feminine voice, then a murmur of voices in the rooms below. A rustling, whispered conversation in the lower hallway, then swift, nervous footsteps ascending the stairs, and with his face fixed into a wondrous smile of welcome, the "new Italian" bustled into the room. His white teeth shone under the fringe of coal black mustache, his jetty hair was pomatined till it shone. His long white apron bristled with welcome. His shoulders were thrown back and his chest expanded with lordly dignity.

He shifted the carafe. He took the napkins out of the heavy glass case and spread them with a great flourish. He brought from behind the clock a copy of Progresso Italiano-American and a dog-eared Puck.

So long as he moved about in this hospitable pantomime he was a bonyard and gladstone picture. When he stopped there was a relapse. The silence was very trying. His face, in the gray light which crept in through the distorted 639 oblongs, was melancholy despite his labored smile. As if he knew that his welcome was losing vigor he donned his grin and began hobnobbing back and forth again. He hung up the damp overcoat beside the stove, came once more to the end of the table and stood with teeth uncovered, chafing his hands in studious greeting.

"What can you give us to eat?" "The 'new Italian' drew himself up in pride and said: "Ah! give to eat? Everlasting, gentlemen! everlasting! Everlasting! You got! Gotta good ting. Su'p?" "No; no soup. Something solid, something to order."

"A' right. Anating, everlasting. You tella me. Vat you like? Ant past?" "No, no antipasta; something hot. Don't you know? Now, what have you got that's right good?"

"Hub," answered the "new Italian," changing his key by just an echo of reproach. "Anating. Everlasting. Vat you like? Gotta anating you like. Everlasting. You Jus' gon' tella me. I get 'im, and he opened his arms wide, with hands outspread, and his face still stretched in the machine-made smile. His head was tilted to one side, his eyebrows raised in grotesque inquiry. It was as if the harder of Delmonico's was ready and waiting. The fog hung gray and heavy outside, the rain pelted upon the little panes and the raw wind moaning in from the sea rattled the windows dimly in the loose sashes.

"Well, how about a chicken—a nice broiled chicken, you know, done brown, with some?"

"Ah, chicken. Sure, a gentleman, sure. Fina chicken. Pritto? No? Broil! Arright. Sure. Got everlasting; anating. Give da 634-14 chicken."

If he was a proud landlord before, the "new Italian" was a monarch now. He towered over the table, with glowing eyes, and bowed and repeated: "Sur-nure. Gita da gooda chicken."

"And be sure he's done just right, with some—"

"Oh! don't be 'frail. I geeva you 63-14 chicken."

"Well, wait. You'd better let 'em see the chickens. One might not be enough. Just bring 'em up."

"Oh!" cried the "new Italian." "No dead does chicken. Gotta keep! The idea of

keeping meat market chickens in his hotel seemed to grieve him.

"Kill 'em for the table; well, that's good. Have 'em fresh, eh? All right, go ahead."

Swelling with pride, the look of a conqueror shining in his face, the "new Italian" bowed turned away. As he crossed the floor to the dark stairway, he seemed to shrink. His shoulders drooped, his spine lost its proud rigidity. Nearing the head of the stairs, his feet dragged like the feet of a man stricken. He leaned limply against the lenti wall head bowed, a broken, spiritless figure.

"Giovanni!" he cried.

Briskly rang the answer from below, "Si, signor!"

Giovanni had been stationed there for effect to lend by his prompt response an air of business alacrity to the proceeding. "Giovanni!" the "new Italian" called wallingly.

"Si signor," bawled Giovanni, wondering if the boss had forgotten his cue.

The wind and the rain were drearier than ever now. They seemed to mourn in unison with the "new Italian," as he stood in the shadows and sobbed out, in utter anguish, and a voice choked with tears, "Giovanni, keel Frankie!"

Leander Robinson's  
Method.

"I'm glad you spend your evenings at home," remarked the chair nearer to the table and sank luxuriously in its depths. "The chap that had this room before you was a perfect night owl, and I must confess that I grew extremely weary of sitting here alone night after night. And his tobacco was awful stuff. I enjoy your conversation very much."

"Thanks," I remarked, complacently, "but—"

"What book are you reading?" he interrupted.

"How to get on in the world," I answered, holding it up for his inspection.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, after a moment's interval: "always save something each week, no matter how little you may receive. That's about the gist of it."

I nodded my head in assent.

"Did you ever hear of Leander Robinson?" Izzard suddenly shouted, at the same time placing his feet upon the spotless counterpane of my bed.

"Why—yes, of course," I faltered, calling to mind a name well known in the realms of finance.

"Leander and I were boys together," went on my companion reminiscently; "in a little country town way back in the State. He was always wild and harem-scum, while I was quiet and studious. We came on to New York at the same time and shared a room in the same boarding house for a year or so. By that time I had made up my mind that he was too rapid for me. I used to argue and reason with him; but it was all without avail. Just to show you our opposite natures. We each received the same salary, and a mighty small one at that. Following out the very precepts inculcated in that volume which you hold in your hands, I laid aside some little money every week, to be added to my savings bank account. Leander, on the contrary, always had his whole stipend spent before half the week was gone. In addition to this, he borrowed right and left from anybody whom he could get to trust him. And as he always dressed well, too, a good many tailors' sorrow and spent money with a free hand (when he had it), he soon acquired quite a following and made many friends among all classes and kinds of people. Well, as I said before, I couldn't stand that kind of going on, and after doing my best to have him reform and follow the regular rules laid down for successful careers, I moved away from his neighborhood. I, of course, gave him up as a hopeless case, and soon lost sight of him in the wide ocean of life in a great city. A few years later I bought out a nice little business with my savings, and began to do very nicely. But a dull season or two came along, and almost before I realized it the Sheriff closed me out. I managed to get a situation as assistant book-keeper with a large wholesale concern, and to my great surprise I found an account upon the ledger given to my charge headed, 'Leander Robinson,' with a mighty heavy balance to his debit. The credit manager used to spend many anxious moments watching the progress of this balance. Finally, one day he said in a confidential tone: 'This man owes everybody and is extremely slow pay. But yet he is doing a rushing business, and it will probably work around all right. There are so many other creditors that we should get absolutely nothing if we were to close down on him.'"

"And what was the outcome?" I questioned.

"Why," went on Joe Izzard, puffing on my meerschaum vigorously; "in the course of a few years Leander had built up a big business, paid off all outstanding accounts and became a merchant prince in every sense of the word. My argument is that you are much more apt to succeed by doing a large business upon other people's capital rather than by striving to start in the commercial line with a few hundreds of dollars which you have managed to save and scrape out of a beggarly salary."

PERCIE W. HART.

"At the Society Ball."

Mr. Wahash—Some genius should invent a new figure for the German. The old one is monotonous, don't you think, Miss Olive?

Miss Olive (of St. Louis)—Yes, that's right. But the Germans are such lovers of beer, you know, that you can't expect them to have very graceful figures.—Chicago News.

Oversight.

"It's too bad," exclaimed the Journalist.

"Too bad. It was very careless of me, and I'm sure to have trouble about it with the home office."

"About what?" asked his wife.

"My report of the proceedings in Congress."

"Did you outline the probable course of events in a statesmanlike way?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did you forget something of importance that was said?"

"Not a thing."

"Didn't you write a good description?"

"Yes, it was good on the whole. I took especial pains with the points you mention, but I've wasted my work. I forgot to say anything about one member who wore a red necktie, and another who had a flower in his coat lapel."—Washington Star.

## The Deadly Meek Man.

(Continued.)

It would greatly surprise the women if they knew how many meek looking men carry pistols.

Girls and Their  
Wedding Presents.

"Talk about highwaymen!" cried the little woman in green, "why, they don't compare with girls who!"

"Make you subscribe to their charities and then feel that they have amply repaid you with a card to an afternoon tea," cried the girl in red. "You are quite right. They!"

"My yes, I didn't mean them, though. They are only dangerous the first time. After that they are fleet of foot, indeed, if they catch you."

"Well, they usually are," sighed the girl in blue.

"Yes; but the girl I had reference to just now is the newly engaged one. First she makes you listen to the story of her life, heard of perfection until you wonder how such a gifted creature ever cared for such a bore! And then she talks about her little home and hints that she adores silver and dotes upon cut glass, until you—"

"Oh, well," said the girl in red, "it is a pleasure to—"

"Buy another woman a thing you want yourself and have her accept it as her simple due?" said the little woman in green. "Well, my dear, if you feel like that the sooner you join the angelic host the better. You must be lonesome here."

"By the way," said the girl in blue, "have you heard of the new society that has just been formed? All the members are men who have been married at least twice, and—"

"They call themselves 'The Slaves of the Ring.' I suppose they think that is funny," broke in the girl in red.

"Humph!" They ought to be ashamed of themselves," said the little woman in green. "If I had made people buy two or more sets of wedding presents I'd at least have the grace to keep quiet about it. Oh, you needn't look at me in that way, Alice. I've bought no less than three this month, and if ever women vote I shall—er—introduce a bill making it a crime to give or receive one!"

"Ho'm," said the girl in blue, "I doubt if many women under fifty would vote for it."

"Perhaps not. And the worst of it is that my husband seems to think I like to give them, whereas—"

"You hate it as much as he can possibly do!" said the girl in blue. "Oh, have you heard of Ned's last atrocious blunder? No? Well, when Natalie was married last week he gave her a cut glass decanter and wine glasses!"

"But I don't see—"

"Don't you, dear? Well, the man she married is a rabid prohibitionist, and she went even to the point of displaying them on her sideboard. That's all!"

"Horror!" shivered the girl in red. "Doesn't he ask anybody to help him select his wedding presents? If—if I was a relative of his, I'd offer to do it after this."

"Would you?" said the girl in blue. "I shouldn't. I did help him once. The present was for Maud, and her brother happened to be in the shop. The choice lay between two chafing dishes, and I chose the more expensive one, thinking he really wanted my taste."

"And didn't he?"

"No. He wanted me to choose the cheaper one and take the responsibility."

"Oh, well, her brother was pleased, anyhow. If I remember rightly, he used to admire my jewelry," said the little woman in green.

"Perhaps he was pleased with the present," said the girl in blue, "but it was about that time that he decided my tastes were too expensive for the wife of a poor man."

"By the way," said the girl in red, "Isn't it a pity to have wedding presents engraved? In case—"

"Of a divorce! Yes, that would be unpleasant," said the little woman in green.

"I meant in case of duplicates," said the girl in red, stiffly. "Imogene told me that among her presents only the duplicates were engraved. She said she wouldn't have minded having the others engraved, if only she could have sold some of the duplicates to pay the jeweler for his work."

"Oh, speaking of that," said the girl in blue, "have you heard what befell Minnie? No? Well, she bought Evelyn a lovely cream jug, and had it engraved 'E. M.' Just as it was ready, the match was broken off, and there she was with the jug on her hands for a year! Finally Elsie was married, and a bright idea struck Min. She wasn't really obliged to give her a present, for they were not at all intimate, but she hated to waste the jug, so she had a 'D.' added and gave it to her."

"How clever!" said the little woman in green.

"My yes. But the next week Evelyn and her affianced made up and poor Min had to buy another jug!"

"Just like an engaged girl! They are so!"

"I think I must go now," said the girl in red, coldly. "I don't feel well."

"Now, what has offended Alice, I wonder," said the little woman in green. "I've done nothing, and yet—"

"Perhaps it was your remarks," said the girl in blue. "She is just engaged herself, and I fancy she came to-day to tell you about it!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

## THE MERRY JESTER.

"It was all I could do to keep from laying violent hands on him," said the keeper of the high-class cafe, as the pale young man departed. "The idea of his calling this place a beauty!"

"He must have said you a compliment," said the waiter. "Are you not aware that he is a Bostonian?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.